Living Masters of Music

IGNAZ JAN PADEREWSKI

EDWARD A. BAUGHAN

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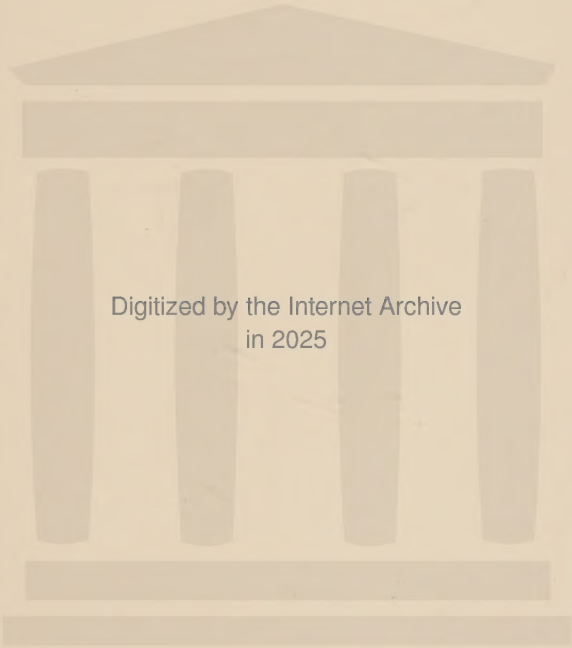
LIVING MASTERS OF MUSIC
EDITED BY ROSA NEWMARCH

IGNAZ JAN PADEREWSKI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IGNAZ PADEREWSKI

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IGNAZ JAN PADEREWSKI

BY EDWARD ALGERNON BAUGHAN

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I

EARLY LIFE

THE professional critic is rather at a disadvantage in dealing with an idol of the public. His occupation compels him to find a reason for his appreciations; he may not be enthusiastic without measure, for his nature makes him see both brilliancy and flaws in the rarest gems of art; indeed, the flaws act as a foil to the brilliancies. And so it comes about that the professional critic is often at loggerheads with the verdict of the public, or appears to be so. The public has hailed Paderewski as the greatest of living pianists. The critic may feel that in many respects he is, but cannot, if he would, endorse that enthusiastic verdict without clauses of limitation, and if he be not a master of his craft his verdict will seem all limitations and but very little enthusiasm. One recognises the greatness of Paderewski,

but at the same time the mind thinks of the subtle Chopin-playing of Pachmann, the noble Beethovenish moods of d'Albert and Lamond, the clearness and demoniac brilliancy of Busoni's technique in Liszt, the grace of Pugno's Mozart-playing, the ruthless force of Rosenthal and the magical deftness of Godowsky. These pianists have their specialities in which not even a Paderewski can surpass them and in some cases cannot equal them. On the other hand, he possesses that curious magnetism which always enchains the attention of the public. It cannot be explained; yet the critic must admit its existence in the case of Paderewski or stultify himself. If sensitive to the poetic appeal of music he must feel, too, that at its best the pianist's playing has a glamour and an individuality which are to seek in the performances of many pianists who possess greater technical ability, and that all his interpretations are informed by a sincere musical nature.

It may seem absurd and unnecessary to insist on this in the case of a great virtuoso, for assuredly in piano playing, as in acting or singing, the nature of the artist counts for

everything. But the word artist has become so vulgarised that it has lost its meaning, and we are inclined to separate technical ability from innate musical genius and to judge performers rather by what they can do than by what they think and feel. This is naturally the attitude of the specialist in forming an opinion on the respective merits of different players. It is not possible to dogmatise about poetic feeling or insight : we have to take these qualities for granted. On the technical side there is a standard by which we may judge apart from any question of taste. Yet in the end the specialist who may go into raptures over the beauty of tone which Pachmann has made his god, or may be hypnotised by the wonderful fingers of a Godowsky, has to fall back on the inexplicable in attempting an appreciation of such gifted artists as Joachim, Ysaye, Sarasate, or Paderewski. Technical standards do not avail. And the curious point is that the great artist, the musical executant who can think his own musical thoughts, compels our admiration even though we may criticise his playing in technical detail.

Paderewski is one of the few players who

has that effect on all kinds of music-lovers. There are many reasons why the pianist should have made the effect he has. There are many reasons why he should be exceptional. For one, he was a public pianist by after-thought; at a comparatively early age, when other artists are theorising about life he was living it in earnest, and, above all, he was a Pole, a member of that extraordinary nation which has given birth to Chopin, Tausig and many minor stars in the musical firmament. Paderewski is a Pole to his finger-tips. He has the fire, the dreaminess, the power of fantasy of that race. It comes out in his playing and especially in his compositions.

Podolia, the province of South-west Russia in which he was born on November 6, 1860, is a fertile district, of which the Polish population is quite considerable. The pianist's recollection of his childhood on his father's farm in this garden of Russia must be full of pleasantness. The father seems to have been a man of pronounced character. A gentleman farmer of position he was also an ardent patriot. Three years after the birth of his son he was "suspect" and was banished to Siberia. His exile did not

PADEREWSKI AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN
From a photograph by Mr. A. Schnell, Lausanne

last long, but the iron had entered into his soul, and although he lived until 1894 he was broken in spirit and his chief pleasure in life was centred in the growing reputation of his son. The pianist did not inherit his musical talent from his father but from his mother, who died when he was still a child.

It is difficult not to be sceptical of the anecdotes related of the childhood of celebrated musicians. But no doubt some of these stories have a basis of truth, and certainly musical talent shows itself at a very early age. It is said that young Ignace, long before he could play, would climb to the piano-stool and attempt to produce as beautiful a tone as possible. Of the ordinary early tuition he appears to have had none, his mother having died when he was a child. A travelling fiddler gave the boy a few lessons on the piano, but it may be imagined that they were not of a very complete kind. Later on an old teacher of the instrument was engaged to pay a monthly visit to the farm, and he taught the boy and his sister to play simple arrangements of operatic airs. This early life spent away from strong musical influences saved Paderewski from the usual

prodigy period in the career of pianist, for it was not until he was twelve years of age that he went to Warsaw where he was able to have regular music-lessons at the Conservatoire. There he studied harmony with Roguski and the piano with Janotha, the father of Natalie Janotha. In those days Paderewski did not show any particular bent towards playing the piano but rather towards composition (he had begun to compose in the old days on the farm) and general musical knowledge. His first public appearances were not so much as pianist as a composer who played his own music. He was then sixteen years old and it would be interesting to know how the immature pianist impressed his Russian audiences. That his technique was of the weakest may be judged from the fact that he afterwards confessed that all the pieces he played were really his own, inasmuch as when he could not manage the difficult passages he merely improvised.

Miss Szumowska, a pupil of Paderewski's, has related a curious anecdote of their first tour. Paderewski "had announced a concert at a certain small town, but, on arriving, found that no piano was to be had for love or money.

The general was perfectly willing, on being applied to, to lend his instrument; but when the pianist tried it he found, to his dismay, that it was so badly out of repair that some of the hammers would stick to the strings instead of falling back. However, it was too late to back out. The audience was assembling and in this emergency a bright thought occurred to the pianist. He sent for a switch, and engaged an attendant to whip down the refractory hammers whenever necessary. So bang went the chords and swish went the whip, and the audience liked this improvised duo more, perhaps, than it would have enjoyed the promised piano solo."

The young pianist evidently did not consider that his musical education was complete, for at the end of the tour he returned to Warsaw and studied for two years at the Conservatoire there. At the age of eighteen he was appointed a professor of music and after a year he married. All the world knows that his wife died a year later, leaving him an invalid son in whose existence, until his death a little while ago, the pianist was wrapped up. It was not a very bright beginning of his professional

career, for his earnings at the Warsaw Conservatoire had meant comparative privation for his wife and himself. In some natures, perhaps, this early tragedy would have killed ambition but hardly in an artist. Without holding with the comfortable sentimentalists that grief is as necessary to the artist as rain to the flowers, it may be asserted that concentration on work is the natural result of life going awry. This is not, as the sentimentalists imagine, peculiar to genius of the artistic type, but is common to all men who are not invertebrate.

Paderewski himself has disclaimed the pretty stories which made the death of his wife the impetus to his after career as pianist. "I was a professor at the Warsaw Conservatoire," he told an interviewer, "and I had to work awfully hard. Previous to this I had made a concert tour in Russia. In Warsaw I gave lessons from morning to night. It was not interesting. In fact, it was slavery. One day I asked myself why I followed such an arduous profession, and so I decided to go to Leschetitsky in Vienna, and become a performer, since in that way I should work hard a few years and afterwards have a life of ease, to be

PADEREWSKI AT THE AGE OF TWENTY
From a photograph by Mr. A. Schnell, Lausanne

idle, or devote myself to composition as I pleased." As a matter of fact, Paderewski did not go from Warsaw to Vienna, but first paid a visit to Berlin, where he studied composition with Kiel and afterwards with Heinrich Urban. He was able to hear much more music than was possible in Warsaw and in every way his musical education was being rounded off. At twenty-three years of age he was appointed professor of music at Strasburg. That appointment may be considered the turning point of his career, not because the professorship in itself was anything very brilliant, but because it brought him into contact during a vacation with the celebrated Polish actress Mme. Modjeska. She was practically the first to recognise in the dreamy young pianist something out of the common. She has described him as "a polished and genial companion; a man of wide culture; of witty, sometimes biting tongue; brilliant in table talk; a man wide awake to all matters of personal interest, who knew and understood the world, but whose intimacy she and her husband especially prized for the elevation of his character and the refinement of his mind."

The effect such a friendship had on the young artist may be well imagined. It is probable that even in the Warsaw days Paderewksi had the dream of being able to take up the career as virtuoso, but it might have remained a dream, for a young man of twenty who has not blossomed forth as a recital pianist is hardly likely in the ordinary run of things to make any great name for himself as a public pianist. All the players of genius have been prodigies, or would have been had there existed a market for musical wonder-children in their day. Paderewski is the exception. That he had the ambition of making a career for himself as virtuoso even during the Warsaw days may be admitted, but it is probable that had he not been encouraged by his brilliant countrywoman, Mme. Modjeska, he would not have taken practical steps to realise the dream.

II

FROM WARSAW TO PARIS

In the fact that a young professor of music, who was not without note in his own circle, should have decided to give himself up to several years of arduous study, we may perhaps find some indication of Paderewski's tenacity of purpose. In 1886, at the age of twenty-six, he placed himself under Leschetitzky's guidance, and for four years he studied with the famous professor and his wife, Madame Essippoff. It is not too much to say that Paderewski has made a brilliant name for his teacher as well as for himself. Of course, Leschetitzky had a big reputation as a teacher long before his famous pupil went to him, but it was not a world-wide reputation, as it now is. Every season we hear pianists in London who proudly emblazon their programmes with "pupil of Leschetitzky"; they are as numerous as the

many "pupils of Liszt," and in many cases have as much right to the description. The difficulty is to decide (from the many articles written by his self-styled pupils) what is the method taught by this Viennese magician and it is almost as difficult to draw any clear conclusion from their playing. A consistent and illuminating account of the great teacher and his methods has been given, however, by Miss Hullah in a volume of this series. Leschetitzky has not any hard and fast methods. Mr. Henry C. Lahee, in his "Famous Pianists of To-day and Yesterday," has this to say of the great teacher: "Leschetitzky's method is that of common sense, and is based on keen analytical faculties. He has the genius for seizing on what the finest artists do in their best moments, observing how they do it physically, and, in a sense systematising it. He has his own ideas of how to train the hand for all that it requires, but he never trains the hand apart from the ear. He has no 'method' except perhaps in the technical groundwork—the grammar of pianoforte playing—and this is taught by his assistants. So long as the effect is produced, he is not pedantic as to how

it is done, there being many ways to attain the same end."

In general it may be said that the Leschetitzky pupils have "style." The fault of the school, if one may judge by its exponents, is a desire to be brilliant and startling at all costs. In the case of a player who has no musical individuality of his own, and has acquired technical facility out of all proportion to his musical endowment and general education in the art, the Leschetitzky tuition seems to make for hardness and a perverse brilliancy. Of course Paderewski himself would have been a remarkable player no matter under whom he had studied, but the surety and firmness of technique which Leschetitzky evidently knows how to impart were just what he required. It must not be forgotten, too, that when Paderewski went to Vienna he was practically an artist, an all-round, well-educated musician,who, from the first, had been interested in the historical as well as the poetic side of his art. In addition, need it be said that he was a man of uncommon mind far removed from the type of virtuoso who inspires his soul from the keys of the pianoforte. No teacher and no method can produce the

pianist of "genius." The platitude is excusable in the face of the absurd things which have been written concerning the effect of Leschetitzky's teaching.

That Paderewski gained much from it is clear enough from the fact that a year after going to Vienna he made his début there as virtuoso with much success, and from that time onward his progress was gradual until in 1888 he found himself the sensation of Paris. But it was by no means a case of the kind of artistic conquest which the popular novelist invariably describes when writing of musicians. The first recital at the Salle Erard in 1888 was, indeed, but poorly attended, and, except that no performer of genius ever makes his first appearance without his reputation having preceded him among the inner circle of his brother musicians, the début might have fallen as flat as the ordinary recital by an ordinary, unknown pianist. As it happened, both Lamoureux and Colonne, who were present, were so impressed by Paderewski's gifts that both made him an offer to play at the well-known orchestral concerts associated with their names. M. Lamoureux's offer, being made first, was

accepted, and the new pianist was thus given an opportunity of performing before an enormous audience. He made his mark immediately, and was invited to play at one of the Conservatoire concerts, a distinction which, no doubt, he fully appreciated. From Paris Paderewski naturally cast his eyes on London, but it was not until May 1890, that he gave his first recital here. Again his triumph was not immediate, in the novelist's sense, and there was certainly some uncertainty in his reception by the critics, but he did triumph in the end.

III

HIS DEBUT IN LONDON

THE statement that the London critics did not recognise Paderewski's greatness is often made to their discredit, but a close examination of all that was written at the time does not bear out the accusation. It was rather that the criticism was a trifle too guarded, and that to some extent the journalists were prejudiced against the pianist through no fault of his own but because he had been described as "The Lion of the Paris Season." Also, although this may seem a trivial reason, the recital took place on one of those pleasant days of our May when rain and wind make conditions in London anything but merry. At any rate all who were present at that first recital agree that the audience was coldly critical. We do not accept the verdict of Paris on musical matters, and the average Englishman is apt to suspect

charlatanism in a musician whose "wonderful aureole of golden hair" had been so sedulously advertised. There is no doubt the sensitive pianist felt this atmosphere keenly. He is always nervous when he begins his recital even to this day. "The mere fact of knowing a great audience waits on your labours," he once remarked to an interviewer, "is enough to shake all your nerves to pieces." There is no question that at the first recital he was not at his best, and that there was good ground for the accusation of "sensationalism" which was brought against him by several critics. But, at the same time, his other merits were amply recognised. To prove this I give some selections from the criticisms of the first recital. They should be documents of some interest to the historian of the future.

"The player's loudest tones," said the *Times*, "are by no means always beautiful, but the amount of fire and passion he gave to three of Chopin's most difficult studies and to certain passages in Schumann's Fantasia in C major produced a profound effect. . . . It is in Chopin . . . M. Paderewski is at his best, and here not so much in the sentimental side

of the master's work as in his passionate and fiery moods." On the whole the "notice" had much of praise for the new pianist. The *Morning Post* contented itself with the expression of opinion that the pianist's reading of compositions by Mendelssohn, Handel, Schumann, Chopin, Rubinstein, Liszt and Paderewski was "by no means conventional, nor was it always entirely artistic."

The *Daily Telegraph* contained the most important criticism of the new pianist. "Mr. Paderewski astonishes, and the good English public will run after him, no matter what the character of the astonishment may be. . . . Mr. Paderewski is a monstrously powerful pianist, and herein lies his quality for the lover of marvels. The lover of music will sit at his feet on other grounds; but the main point is that the Polish artist appeals to both classes, and they comprise everybody. . . . We do not pretend to much admiration for the Mr. Paderewski who astonishes. It was impossible to find any even for Rubinstein, when he appeared as a Cyclops wielding his hammers with superhuman energy, making the pianoforte shake to its centre, and not always hitting

true and straight. That which was refused to the Moldavian Colossus is not likely to be secured by Mr. Paderewski, the less because he transcends his exemplar in fury and force of blow. It may safely be declared that no one present at St. James's Hall on Friday afternoon had ever before heard Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor so played—with clang and jangle of metal, and with such confusion of sound that trying to follow the working of the parts, resembled looking at moving machinery through a fog. It was the march of an abnormally active mammoth about the keyboard, while the wondering observer expected the pianoforte to break down at any moment." The critic (Mr. Joseph Bennett from internal evidence) had the same complaint to make of the performance of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith." "Plainly," the critic adds, "we do not like Mr. Paderewski as an exponent of physical force. The result of his labours may be marvellous but it is not music." After this castigation came praise. "There is another Mr. Paderewski whom we can well abide. He is gentle and pleasant, refined and poetic to a degree which makes

him altogether charming. This, we suspect, must be the true Paderewski, the other being, in the old demoniacal sense, 'possessed.' If so, is there no power to cast out the evil spirit?" As examples of the "true Paderewski" the critic praised the playing of some Chopin compositions and two of the pianist's own pieces.

The critic of the *Standard* was quite as severe on the "sensational" aspects of Paderewski's playing. "It was quickly manifest," he wrote, "that the performer was more anxious to astonish than to charm. His rendering of a Prelude and Fugue in E minor of Mendelssohn was utterly at variance with the traditional methods of interpreting the music of this composer, and in Schumann's Fantasia in C, op. 17, we were constantly met by surprises. The playing was marked by violent contrasts, the pace and tone being sometimes reduced far more than the directions given by Schumann seem to warrant, while at others the physical powers of the executant were exercised in a manner that resulted in much noise, but little music. The same exaggerations of style were perceptible in Chopin's Etudes in C minor and

F, op. 10, and G sharp minor, op. 25. It must be said in M. Paderewski's favour that he plays fewer wrong notes than most pianists of his school, and, further, that his tone in *pianissimo* passages is bell-like and delicate. He is, in brief, a *virtuoso* of no common order, but that he is entitled to the higher rank of an artist is more than can be said, judging from yesterday's performance." In a criticism of the third recital the critic still complained of Paderewski's occasional exaggeration, but on the whole the notice was a shade more appreciative, although London was still left in doubt as to whether the pianist was "entitled to the higher rank of artist."

The *Daily News* thought that the leonine attributes with which Paderewski was accredited in "his own advertisements" were "fully exemplified in the Prelude and Fugue of Mendelssohn which opened the programme. Mendelssohn of all composers can least bear heroic treatment from the ultra vigorous among modern pianists, and the Fugue especially suffered." The critic admired the pianist's Chopin playing, but added that "he was most in his element in his own music."

The pianist's talent was thus summed up: "In short, of M. Paderewski's ability there can be no question; and while audiences will probably prefer the exquisite delicacy and poetical feeling which he displays in his calmer moments to the extravagance in which he indulges when in the Ercles vein, it is obvious that his talent lies chiefly in his interpretation of the music of the modern and romantic schools, in which during the current London season he bids fair to create some sensation." The critic thought that Paderewski somewhat modified his superabundant energy at the second recital, which seems to have been the general opinion, and naturally was not shared by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, who had just begun to write musical criticism for the *World*. "There is Paderewski, a man of various moods, who was alert, humorous, delightful at his first recital; sensational, empty, vulgar and violent at his second; and dignified, intelligent, almost sympathetic at his third. He is always sure of his notes; but the licence of his tempo rubato goes beyond all reasonable limits." The "almost sympathetic" is distinctly good. With the exception of the *World* the weekly papers were not

at that time remarkable for their musical criticism, but it may be mentioned that the *Saturday Review* ventured to state that no one who had heard Paderewski at the second recital would deny that "he is one of the most remarkable artists who has been heard of late years."

The most frankly enthusiastic of all the criticisms appeared in the *Globe*. The writer was "inclined to think" that Paderewski surpassed all the pianists who had recently visited London (Sofie Menter, Sapellnikoff, Schönberger and Stavenhagen) and was, indeed second only to Rubinstein among living pianists. "His mastery of the keyboard is complete, his touch is so exquisite, both in *fortissimo* and *pianissimo* passages, and in the three intermediate gradations of tone, that every shade of expression is at his command, and in the art of singing on the pianoforte he can only be compared with Thalberg. There is no kind of *charlatanerie* in his playing; wrapt up completely in the works he performs he devotes himself to their exposition, and while thus engaged appears to ignore the presence of an audience." The critic's ear was not hurt by the loudness with which the pianist played Mendelssohn's

Prelude and Fugue and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" and it was predicted that the remaining recitals would be crowded by music-lovers, who would recognise in Mr. Paderewski one of the greatest, if not absolutely the greatest, of living pianists. And this prediction was realised to the full. It is very easy for those who may accept ready-made the world's opinion of a famous artist to fall foul of the want of enthusiasm with which he was at first received by the professional critics. Their experience tells them that no instrumentalist or singer can be adequately judged by one recital and there is no doubt Paderewski showed the more violent and *bizarre* side of his temperament when making his début here, perhaps from nervousness or perhaps from a natural desire to astonish, for musical artists, however great, are but human after all. At any rate as one recital followed another the tone of London criticism became warmer, and by the time the series had come to an end Paderewski had established his fame in London on a sound basis. It may be said, without indiscretion, that although the recitals were an artistic success they only produced just under £280 gross.

IV

IN AMERICA

On November 17, 1891, eighteen months after his London début, Paderewski made his first appearance in New York. The success he had made in London naturally excited the curiosity of New York amateurs and critics and the pianist's first American recital attracted a brilliant audience. That does not mean that the special public was ready to fall on its knees and worship Paderewski. On the contrary, it seems as if the critics and amateurs of New York take a special pleasure in upsetting the verdict of London if they can, and Paderewski had to face an audience eager to compare its impressions with what had been written in London about this new star in the musical firmament. According to all accounts the same thing happened in New York as had already happened in London. The public

immediately recognised the uncommon qualities of the new artist, and not having any hard-and-fast critical standards to employ as a test of his playing, and being impressed by the romantic simplicity of his bearing, hailed him as a great artist *sans phrase*. On the whole, the critics were not wildly enthusiastic. They recognised the talent of the new pianist, but they did not immediately label him as "great." The usual comparisons were made, not always to Paderewski's advantage. But while the critics were making up their minds the public decided for themselves. Two concerts with orchestra were given, and when Paderewski began a series of recitals, it was found that the Madison Square Garden Hall was too small to hold all his admirers, and the Carnegie Hall which has seating accommodation for 2700 persons and standing-room for nearly another 1000, had to be re-engaged. New York was even quicker to discover the greatness of the pianist than London. During his six months stay in America, Paderewski gave no less than 117 recitals. It was only to be expected that he would be engaged for a second tour in the following season. This visit, beginning in the

autumn of 1892, was even more successful than the first. In New York he gave two orchestral concerts and nine recitals in the large Carnegie Hall, and from New York he began his triumphant progress through the States. No pianist had excited such a furore of interest. A paragraph in a newspaper of the West gives some idea of this. "Paderewski played on Monday evening in Cleveland, and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad Company ran special trains, one from Sandusky and the other from Norwalk, for the benefit of the residents of those two cities who wished to hear him. The receipts equalled the enthusiasm. Practically Paderewski could rely on filling the largest concert-hall in America. The Chicago Auditorium realised £1400 for one concert. Sixty-seven recitals, given in twenty-six cities, brought in £36,000, the largest sum hitherto earned in America by any instrumentalist. Rubinstein had not touched the record made by Paderewski, although the Russian pianist, late in life, was offered £500 an evening for a tour in America." It is possible, however, that the £1000 paid by Mr. Robert Newman for an orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall was the

largest fee ever received by Paderewski. These figures may seem a prosaic proof of the popularity of the pianist in America, but they certainly prove that the public genuinely admired the artist.

At the end of this second tour there was a regrettable incident at the Chicago World's Fair. Paderewski, at great personal inconvenience and considerable financial loss, had promised to take part in the two opening concerts of the series to be given at the exhibition under the conductorship of the late Mr. Theodore Thomas, for whom the pianist had a warm personal admiration. In America Paderewski had played on the Steinway piano, and the famous firm, not approving of the system of awards at the exhibition, were not exhibitors. The Board of Directors informed the artist that he must play on an instrument by an exhibiting firm, but Paderewski naturally declined to change his piano at the last moment. Quite a newspaper war arose, until the directors were made aware that an artist has some rights, and then they gave way. The incident is worth mentioning because it is often stated in private that great pianists are

in receipt of salaries from pianoforte manufacturers in exchange for which they are bound to play on their instruments. However this may be with others it is not so with Paderewski. Here in England he invariably plays on an Erard, because the instrument is to his taste and the manufacturers have always done their best to adapt their pianos to Paderewski's requirements. The pianist himself, at the time of the Chicago incident, felt compelled to write a letter to a New York paper which had editorially expressed the opinion that it "was not very generous on Mr. Paderewski's part to sell himself to a piano firm." "I must emphatically deny," he wrote, "that I am bound by contract or agreement, either in writing or verbally, to the use of any particular make of piano. In this respect I am at perfect liberty to follow my convictions and inclinations, and this privilege I must be free to exercise in the prosecution of my artistic career. Throughout the wide world any artist is permitted to use the instrument of his choice, and I do not understand why I should be forced to play an instrument of a manufacturer strange to me

and untried by me, which may jeopardise my artistic success." This dignified protest should be sufficient contradiction of the persistent rumours that Paderewski has been bound to play certain pianofortes. Those who understand the light in which an artist views the instrument he plays know full well that the use of a certain piano could not possibly be a mere matter of financial arrangement.

The success of Paderewski in America was indeed phenomenal. It rivalled that of Rubinstein, and was financially more brilliant. It became quite the proper thing, an American biographer has told us, to crowd on to the platform at the end of a concert and induce the pianist to play a few more selections in an informal way. In Texas whole schools marched many miles to hear him, and such was the interest aroused by his personality that crowds frequently waited at railway stations merely to see the train pass, in hopes of catching a glimpse of his remarkable countenance. Sometimes crowds would line the streets from his hotel to the concert hall and make it impossible for him to get past.

IGNAZ PADEREWSKI
From a drawing by Venino of New York, reproduced by the kind permission of Mr. Daniel Mayer

The pianist was fortunate in having an agent or manager of energy in Mr. Hugo Görlitz, who directed the first three tours in America. The distances to be traversed make an artistic visit to the States something of an ordeal for a sensitive artist. Rubinstein found it unbearable and not even the offer of a very handsome fee could in the end persuade the great Russian pianist to revisit America. M. Paderewski's manager, however, did his utmost to make the travelling as little arduous as possible. He himself has given an account of the manner in which Paderewski travelled in America. "In travelling in a private car in America," Mr. Görlitzt old an interviewer some years ago, "one is entirely independent of hotels, which in most cases are fine comfortable buildings, but with very bad service and cooking; hence the artist, who lives very irregularly, and when his nerves are highly strung, is not in possession of a good appetite, must have everything to his liking; and the only way to obtain that in America is by engaging one of the private Pullman cars, which contain all modern luxuries and comforts. Before starting on a tour on the car a series of menus is prepared

and, in accordance with the same, the car is provided with everything but fish and bread, which can be obtained at the different stations by telegraphing through the commissariat department of the Pullman Company. Then the head waiter takes charge of the stores and prepares the menus in the most tempting fashion. As a rule Paderewski takes his principal meal after his concert, and, as his concert is generally usually over at half-past ten at night, his dinner hour is eleven o'clock. But the main comfort consists in not having to rise early in the morning after a hard day's work, for, without having to notify any one, the car will be hung on to an express train and he wakes up at his next station. Then there is usually a side track, where there is very little noise, for the car to remain during the day. In the observation room of this car we carried an upright piano, so that the master could practise whenever he found it necessary to do so, and as we did not enter a hotel for three weeks during our trip, this was the only way for him to keep in practice.

"With regard to Paderewski's journey, everything is arranged for him weeks before

hand, so that it works like a machine. Whenever we arrive in a town, a carriage has to be waiting at a station, and the same in the evening from the hotel to the hall and back again. This, in many instances, is essential as he leaves the concert platform so exhausted that he might easily contract an illness if he were not immediately taken to his hotel without any delay on the way. On one occasion, however, all our arrangements were upset in consequence of a snow-storm, which delayed the train from Toronto, Ontario, to Suspension Bridge. We arrived, instead of twelve o'clock in the day, at seven o'clock in the evening. At eight there was to be a concert at Buffalo, New York: it was impossible to get there in time, so we telegraphed to inform the audience that if they would wait an hour longer the artist would appear and play his programme through. But the only way for him to accomplish this was to dress in the train. When he had decided to do so, it was found that our baggage had been removed into the Custom House, and the Custom House attendants, not knowing of the arrival of this train, had gone home. The only possible way to get at his dress-suit

was for me to break open the Custom House window, go in, bring out his dress-suit and lock up the box again. I accomplished this without being detected, and we arrived, finally, at Buffalo in time for the concert."

Mr. Görlitz's account gives the English reader a vivid idea of the arduous work before a celebrated artist. How a pianist can be in a good mood for his art after a few weeks of such high-pressure work is not easy to understand. On the whole M. Paderewski has stood the arduous work of his American recitals extremely well, but in 1896 at the end of a tremendous tour through the United States he was compelled to take a rest, cancelling an engagement to play a new fantasia by Sir Alexander Mackenzie at one of our Philharmonic Concerts, and postponing a recital already arranged for him in London.

V

LATER TOURS

It will not be necessary to describe in detail the triumphant career of the virtuoso in America and Europe. Such a description would become a mere catalogue of towns visited with an enumeration of the fees received, enlivened by a few more or less apocryphal anecdotes. It will be sufficient to say that M. Paderewski's second tour in America included sixty-seven concerts in twenty-six cities and that the receipts amounted to $180,000 (about £36,000), a sum which had never been reached by any instrumentalist. As far as England is concerned the highest fee paid the pianist was that given by Mr. Robert Newman, which I have already mentioned. It must be confessed that the pianist's agent in England, Mr. Daniel Mayer, the well-known concert agent, has managed his

affairs with the utmost discretion. We have never had an opportunity of becoming surfeited with M. Paderewski's talent. His visits have been comparatively few and far between and the announcement of a recital to be given by him in London arouses a curious interest. This is the more remarkable when we remember that the pianist has been accepted as the chief virtuoso of his instrument ever since 1891, a season after he made his début here. In July of that year he gave a Chopin recital which drew the largest audience since the last recital of Rubinstein, and also appeared at a Philharmonic and a Richter concert. In fifteen years many new pianists have come forward, and, of recent years, season after season has gone by without Paderewski having given a series of concerts. His last recital was held in November 1902. It might be thought that he would be forgotten in the midst of such fine playing as we hear in London ; but the pianist has one of those temperaments which impress themselves on the public, so that even quite young people who cannot have any close acquaintance with his playing know all about Paderewski and are ready to sacrifice

time and patience to attend one of his rare recitals. Those who understand the temper of London will agree that many a fine artist's reputation has suffered from his recitals being so frequent that they become almost a drug in the market. We have never had an opportunity of becoming tired of M. Paderewski.*

Before leaving the subject of the pianist's active career as virtuoso a few words must be said on his rather tardy conquest of Germany. It is a strange fact that the Berlin public and critics invariably lag behind the rest of the world in accepting a new virtuoso. Signor Busoni, for instance, had to wait some time for the enthusiasm which had greeted his playing in England. He was accused of dealing with the great classical composers in a virtuoso spirit. With regard to Paderewski it is said that there was a good reason for his dislike of Berlin in particular. After playing his own concerto with the orchestra of the Berlin Philharmonic Society on one occasion he was repeatedly recalled and had to play an encore, for which he selected a piece of

* His recital on June 18 of this year drew an enormous audience to the Queen's Hall.

Chopin's. The late von Bülow, the conductor, is said to have openly shown his resentment of the ovation accorded to the pianist. During his playing of the encore Bülow indulged in an apparently uncontrollable series of sneezes, which it may be imagined, rather upset the pianist. But it can hardly be true that so trivial a reason made Paderewski dislike the idea of Berlin. If so he might put our own Manchester on the black list, for a few years ago he was obliged to stop in the middle of Chopin's Ballade in G minor and leave the platform in consequence of the inconsiderate restlessness of part of the audience who would enter and depart from the hall during the performance.

But if it is with some difficulty that he is persuaded to play in Germany, it cannot be because of a want of enthusiasm on the part of amateurs. In May of 1894, three years after he had finally captured London, he played his Polish Fantasia at the Nether-Rhenish Musical Festival, held at Aix-la-Chapelle. The enthusiasm he aroused was extraordinary. Encouraged by this reception, he gave recitals in Leipzig and Dresden during the following year. "Not

since Liszt has a pianist been received as Paderewski was last night," and "Never since the Albert Hall was built has such applause been heard there as last evening," are typical extracts from the Press notices. The *Tageblatt* critic wrote: "Paderewski has for some years been enjoying the greatest triumphs in Austria, France, England and America, but, for unknown reasons, avoided Germany almost entirely. Concerning his colossal success in our sister city of Dresden our readers have already been informed. Such positively fabulous enthusiasm no other artist has aroused in Leipzig as far back as our memory goes. The public did not applaud; it raved. If Paderewski has hitherto avoided Germany in the belief that he might be coolly received, he must have been radically cured of that idea last evening." At this recital, which was given in aid of the Liszt Memorial, the audience insisted on the pianist playing for more than an hour after the programme had been completed, and would not leave the concert-hall until all the lights were extinguished.

VI

PERSONAL TRAITS

"PADEREWSKI," said Pachmann in one of those speeches with which he sometimes enlivens his recitals, "Paderewski is the most modest artist that I have ever seen. I myself am the most unmodest artist, except Hans von Bülow. He is more unmodest than I am." It is curious, indeed, how little is known at first hand of Paderewski. Knowledge of him as a man is confined to the friends with whom he is intimate. The outside world knows no more than that he is an accomplished linguist and a man of considerable reading and catholic tastes; that he is the soul of generosity to those with whom he is acquainted; that he is an expert billiard player—a talent he may have learnt from his master Leschetitzky; that he is a brilliant conversationalist; that he smokes a great many cigarettes; and that he is fond of

THE VILLA RION-BOSSON, PADEREWSKI'S RESIDENCE NEAR LAUSANNE
From a photograph by Mr. Jean Baulet

staying up until the early hours of the morning. It is not, perhaps, so generally known that he is an expert swimmer. With regard to the billiard playing, the pianist once explained to an interviewer the place it takes in the economy of his life. The necessity of practising during his tours for a series of recitals has sometimes meant playing nearly seventeen hours a day, counting the time taken by the recitals themselves—a circumstance which has often happened during the pianist's American tours—and M. Paderewski confessed it was playing billiards that had saved his life. "If I walk or ride, or merely rest," he said, "I go on thinking all the time, and my nerves get no real rest. But when I play billiards I can forget everything, and the result is mental rest and physical exercise combined."

Very few people understand what a life of nervous stress a great pianist must lead. When Paderewski, in the ordinary course, has to prepare for a recital tour, he seldom practises less than ten or twelve hours a day. And that does not end his work, for he once told Mr. Henry T. Finck, the celebrated American critic, that he often lies awake for hours at night, going

over his programme mentally, note for note, trying to get at the essence of every bar. Mr. Finck goes on to say: "This mental practice at night explains the perfection of his art, but it is not good for his health. Indeed, if he ever sins, it is against himself and the laws of health. He smokes too many cigarettes, drinks too much lemonade, loses too much sleep, or sleeps too often in the daytime. For this last habit he is, however, not entirely to blame; for whenever he gives a concert, all his faculties are so completely engaged that he is quite exhausted at the end, and unable to go to sleep for hours."

The pianist's life has its compensations, however. He is not one of those artists whose whole life is made up of concert-tours, and this is even less the case now than it was some years ago. In the intervals between his tours he lives an ideal life in his Swiss home, busy with composition, which from the very first was his real aim in life. A writer in a German newspaper has given an interesting account of Paderewski's home on the lake of Geneva. "It is situated some distance away from the road, yet is easily accessible. If you visit the pleasing

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE VILLA RION-BOSSON
From a photograph by Mr. Jean Baudet

little town of Morges, on the lake of Geneva, and walk westward to the picturesque village of Islochenaz, you will, in a quarter of an hour, reach a shady park, amid which the châlet de Riond Bosson presents an imposing appearance. If you heed the warning notice on the gate: 'N'entrez pas sans sonner. Prenez garde aux chiens,' you may enter the grounds without danger. At most you will risk having your clothes torn, for Paderewski's dogs have particularly sharp teeth. By way of compensation, there are many beautiful things to see on the other side of the wire fence. Of course, the little castle of the Polish virtuoso is not open to everybody, not even in the absence of the owner, but all may visit the beautiful park which was planted by the Duchess of Otranto. The widow of Fouché, the notorious Police Commissioner of Napoleon I., bought this place in 1823, and occupied it a long time. After her death the Châlet de Riond Bosson came into the possession of her heirs, the Vicomte d'Estournel and the Comte Le Marois, who sold it in 1898 to Paderewski. On emerging from the shady walks of the park, the visitor comes upon an enchanting scene.

In the foreground lies the antique little town of Morges; behind it is the semicircular blue expanse of the lake, and beyond that tower the snowy peaks of the Alps. Behind the orchard is a big greenhouse containing nothing but grapes for the table." Paderewski by no means spends his time in the *dolce far niente* for which there would be an excuse in so beautiful a spot. In addition to his composition he interests himself in everything connected with his estate, and particularly, like M. Jean de Reszke, in the breeding of live-stock.

The reserve which his bearing on the concert platform suggests is the effect of an artist's well-poised, nervous control. In private life among his intimate friends he is a most sympathetic, pleasant companion, ready and able to talk brilliantly on other arts than his own, as well as on literature and life itself. Among those whose appreciation he values, he is willing to exercise his particular art without any of that false pride which has been characteristic of some virtuosi. Mr. Hermann Klein, in his interesting "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London" (Heinemann), gives an instance of this. Paderewski had been asked to meet Sir

GATEWAY OF THE VILLA KION-BOSSON
From a photograph by Mr. Jean Bauler

Arthur Sullivan, Signor Piatti, Sir Alexander Mackenzie and a few other well-known musicians at a dinner-party in Mr. Klein's house on May 3, 1904. "Just before dinner a quaint sort of letter was placed in my hand. It was from some one in the famous pianist's entourage, reminding me that M. Paderewski was very fatigued after his heavy work in the provinces, and begging that I would under no circumstances ask him to play that evening. I was half amused, half annoyed by this unexpected communication, which, of course, I knew better than to regard as inspired by my guest of honour himself. However, I thought no more about it until after dinner, when I took an opportunity to inform Paderewski, in a whispered 'aside,' of the strange warning I had received. I assured him seriously that I had not the slightest idea of asking him to play, and that my friends were more than satisfied to have the pleasure of meeting him and enjoying his society. He replied:—

"'Do you imagine I think otherwise? This is a case of "Save me from my friends!" That I am tired is perfectly true. But when I am in the mood to play fatigue counts for nothing.

And I am in that mood to-night. Are you really going to have some music ?'

"'Yes, Piatti has brought his 'cello, and he is going to take part in the Rubinstein sonata in D.'

"'Then I should like to play it with him ; and more besides, if he will permit me, Piatti and I are now old colleagues at the "Pops," and we always get on splendidly together.'

"What could I say ?—save express my gratitude, and apprise my friends of the treat that was in store. It was the more welcome because it was virtually unexpected. An unalloyed delight was the performance of that lovely sonata by the Prince of 'cellists and the greatest of living pianists. Both seemed to revel in the beauties of a work admirably designed for the display of their respective instruments, and the rendering was in every way perfect. After it was over, dear old Piatti, who rarely talked much, said to me in his quiet way, 'I quite enjoyed that. I have played the sonata with Rubinstein many times, but it never went better than to-night.' Later on he played again ; and so did Paderewski—with Sullivan close by his side, watching with fascinated eyes the nimble

fingers as they glided over the keys. That evening the illustrious pianist was inspired. Fatigue was forgotten; indeed, he seemed much fresher than on the preceding night, when he introduced his fine Polish Fantasia at the Philharmonic. He went on and on from one piece to another, with characteristic forgetfulness of self, and it was well on to dawn before we parted."

This type of anecdote is told of most great instrumentalists, and especially of Rubinstein. To the lay mind it always seems strange that an artist who earns fabulous sums from public and private recitals should display his gifts for the mere love of the thing, but to the artist himself there is an enjoyment in the appreciation of a few gifted brother-artists which not all the thunder of popular applause can equal. And M. Paderewski is, above all, an artist. His public career of course necessitates advertisement, but he has never sought after means to bring himself forward apart from his playing. In consequence an air of mystery surrounds him as an atmosphere. On the few occasions when he has broken through this retirement it has always been for the sake of some project

connected with his art or to show his esteem for a fellow artist. As an instance of this may be mentioned the fund for the encouragement of American composers which he founded after his 1895–96 tour. He placed a sum of £2000 in the hands of three trustees of which the interest was to be devoted to triennial prizes for composers of American birth irrespective of age or religion.

Another instance is the prominent part he meant to take in the testimonial given to Mme. Modjeska at Boston in May 1905. It will be remembered that the great pianist as a young man owed a deal to the encouragement of the celebrated actress, and it may be imagined how ardently he desired to make some public acknowledgment of his friendship. Unfortunately the serious accident which brought about the nervous breakdown of the pianist happened just previous to the benefit performance. The American Press teemed with alarmist reports of the permanent character of this breakdown, and to some extent there was justification for them. According to M. Paderewski's business manager, Mr. J. G. Francke, the following are the facts of the

case: "I was with M. Paderewski when the accident occurred in Syracuse which upset his nerves. We were coming from Auburn, twenty-six miles from Syracuse, where the artist had been playing. We had a special engine. When the switch leading from the Auburn line to the tracks of the New York Central Railroad, half a mile from the station, was entered, the switchman gave our engine-driver the signal to stop. This signal was disregarded. The switchman, noting the arrival of the Buffalo express, threw our engine off the track, and just in time, or we should have been cut to pieces by the incoming train. M. Paderewski was seated at the head of the table where he was supping. The force of the sudden jolt threw him against the table as it hurled us to the floor. He did not suffer much from the shock at the time, but he felt it more the next day. A muscle in the back of his neck, connected in some way with the muscles of the spinal column, was affected by the collision. That has been his trouble. He did play after that in some Canadian cities, but the complaint developed in Boston, and overwhelmed him eventu-

ally." On April 29 he had arrived in Boston but was too ill to play at the Symphony Concert to be held in aid of the Orchestral Pension Fund. This and his inability to assist at the Modjeska benefit seemed to have preyed on his mind and naturally did not improve his condition.

To the committee of the Modjeska Testimonial the pianist sent a characteristic letter—a letter which is no mere expression of regret but is of value in our understanding of the pianist, since throughout it there breathes a love of his country worthy of Chopin himself. "For many months," Paderewski wrote, "I have been looking forward to the 2nd of May, anticipating one of the greatest joys of my career. The thought of joining you all on this solemn occasion has been my pride for many months. The sudden adversity of fate makes me feel now grieved and humiliated, and words cannot express all the bitterness of my disappointment. But there is still a pride and a joy I cannot be deprived of—the pride of belonging to the same country, to the same race which sent into the wide world one of the greatest and noblest artists of all times and

nations; the joy of being one of many to whom Mme. Modjeska has been good, kind and generous. The first encouraging words I heard as a pianist came from her lips; the first successful concert I had in my life was due to her assistance. Unable to be present, I beg of you to convey to Mme. Modjeska the homage of profound admiration and gratitude, and to extend my sincerest thanks to all who contribute to make this the day of legitimate and crowning triumph for a career great, noble, pure and beautiful."

The passionate love of his country which this letter expresses will not be new to those who are acquainted with the pianist, nor, indeed, to those who only know him through his compositions. Once before, in 1893, when a guest of the New York Lotus Club, he had given public utterance to the same passion. "I loved your country," he said in his after-dinner speech, "before I knew it, for the very simple reason, allow me to tell you, that this country is the only one in which hundreds of thousands of Poles are living freely and enjoying liberty; the country in which every countryman of mine may speak whatever he

likes of the past and future of his country without fearing to be arrested. A few years ago, at the same time that you were fighting the glorious fight against slavery, our poor nation made its last effort for liberty. Our fate was different—you have succeeded, and we have not; but still you gave us a great deal of happiness in the feeling that we were not alone."

Perhaps it is not very safe to take into account the environment of an artist in any criticism of his artistic achievements, but there is more reason for it in the case of an executant musician than in that of a composer, for the one so clearly makes capital of all that he is, whereas the other often only rises to creative serenity by forgetting his surroundings. It was in that atmosphere created by his will that Wagner composed "Die Meistersinger," for instance. At any rate the spirit of passionate rebellion is often to be heard in Paderewski's playing, especially of Chopin, and it may well be that the early death of his first wife had the effect of deepening his nature. In other directions, too, he has known sorrow, for his only son, who recently died, was for years a con-

firmed invalid. It is pleasant to think that the pianist's life has been brightened since 1899 by his marriage to the Baroness Hélène von Rosen.

VII

HIS VIEWS ON MUSIC AND TEACHING

It is not often that Paderewski has expressed his thoughts on his art, but by careful research I have come across a few interviews here and there which have something of value in them, and, I think, are worth quoting. Again I must quote Mr. Henry T. Finck, an enthusiastic admirer, who can speak with first-hand authority of the pianist's musical faith. His taste, we are told, is remarkably catholic. "He likes Grieg's songs better than his pianoforte works, while Brahms's piano pieces, as he once said to me, hardly exist for him! 'They seem all treble and bass!'* But he admires the

* In London Paderewski has not entirely neglected Brahms's compositions. Among others he has played the "Paganini" and the "Handel" variations.—E. A. B.

chamber music of Brahms. His worship of the romantic Chopin, Liszt and Schumann does not interfere with his enjoyment of the classical Mozart and Beethoven. He adores Bach and Schubert, and at the same time he is a thorough Wagnerite. To hear 'Parsifal' or 'Tristan,' he says, you ought to go to Bayreuth; for the 'Meistersinger' to Vienna, for 'Tannhäuser' to Dresden; while of 'The Flying Dutchman' the best performance he ever heard was at a small German city of thirty thousand inhabitants. This catholicity of taste compares strangely with Rubinstein's rather limited enthusiasms." There are certainly few pianists who have shown so eclectic a taste in their playing as Paderewski has always displayed. It would be difficult, indeed, to decide from his interpretations what composers appeal to him most, for while at one moment you are ready to declare that no pianist can surpass him in a performance of the music of Liszt and Chopin, at the next a singularly noble and sensitive interpretation of a Beethoven sonata will compel you to place Paderewski as the most sympathetic player of Beethoven in the world. But this aspect of the

pianist's gifts may be more conveniently dealt with in the next chapter.

In the few public utterances he has made on his art, Paderewski has at once paid a tribute to his instrument, and has emphasised the enormous difficulty in becoming a master of it. "Assuredly the piano is the greatest of musical instruments," he once exclaimed. "Its powers, who has yet been able to test them to the full? Its limitations, who shall define them? No sooner does one fancy that nothing further can be done to enhance its possibilities than inventive ability steps forward and gives to it a greater volume, a more velvety smoothness of tone." On another occasion he said of the piano: "It is at once the easiest and the hardest. Any one can play the pianoforte, but few ever do so well, and then only after years and years of toil, pain, and study. When you have surmounted all difficulties, not one in a hundred amongst your audience realises through what labour you have passed. Yet they are all capable of criticising and understanding what your playing should be. Any one who takes up piano-playing with a view to becoming a professional pianist has taken on

himself an awful burden. But better that than the drudgery of giving pianoforte lessons. The one is only purgatory, but the other—hell!"

Of course Paderewski has not made teaching a serious part of his career since he became famous as a virtuoso, but at least one pupil of his, Mr. Ernest Schelling, has made public appearances, and in his early days Paderewski knew what teaching meant. To a London evening paper * he once gave the benefit of his experience. He was particularly severe on the teaching professed by young girls who, having had a superficial training, endeavour to turn their limited talents to effect when a living has to be earned or supplemented.

"To teach or to learn to play the piano or any other instrument we must commence at the beginning. The pupil must first be taught the rudiments of music. When those have been mastered he must next be taught the technique of his instrument, and if that instrument be the piano, or the violin, or the harp, or the violoncello, the muscles and joints of the hands, wrists, and fingers must be made supple and

* The now defunct *Sun*.

strong by playing exercises designed to accomplish that end. At the same time by means of similar exercises, the pupil must also be taught to read music rapidly and correctly. When this has been accomplished she should render herself familiar with the works of the masters —not by having them drummed into her by her instructor, but by carefully studying them for herself ; by seeking diligently and patiently for the composer's meaning, playing each doubtful passage over and over again in every variety of interpretation, and striving most earnestly to satisfy herself which is the most nearly in harmony with the composer's ideas. The chief aim of every teacher of the pianoforte should be to impart to his pupils a correct technique and to enable them to play any composition at sight with proficiency and correctness ; but how much, or rather how little of this kind of teaching is practised by many so-called music teachers ? Many really competent music teachers have assured me that of all the pupils who came to them from teachers of lesser reputation to be 'finished' there is not one in ten who has ever been taught to play all the major and minor scales in all the various keys."

Paderewski insisted on the necessity of amateurs learning compositions by heart, and was careful to point out that the pupil must not be made mentally weary by over-practice. "Physical weariness from too much practice," he added, "is just as bad as mental. To over-fatigue the muscles is to spoil their tone, at least for the time being, and some time must elapse before they can regain their former elasticity and vigour." On the importance of a healthy muscular system to the pianist Paderewski wrote at some length in a magazine.*

"It is highly desirable that he who strives to attain the highest excellence as a performer on the pianoforte should have well-developed muscles, a strong nervous system, and, in fact, be in as good general health as possible. It might be thought that practice on the pianoforte in itself would bring about the necessary increase in muscular power and endurance. This, however, is not altogether the case, as it sometimes has a distinctly deteriorative effect, owing to the muscles being kept cramped and unused. The chief muscles actually used are those of the hand, the fore-arm, neck, small of

* Eugene Sandow's *Physical Culture*.

the back, and the shoulders. The latter only come into play in striking heavy chords for which the hands and arms are considerably raised from the keys ; in light playing the work is chiefly done from the wrists, and, of course, the fore-arm muscles which raise and lower the fingers. It is not so much that greater strength of muscle will give greater power for the pianoforte, but rather that the fact of the muscle being in good condition will help the player to express his artistic talent without so much effort. To play for a great length of time is often very painful, and you cannot expect a player to lose himself in his art when every movement of his hands is provocative of discomfort, if not actual pain. Sometimes, indeed, a great amount of playing brings on a special form of complaint known as 'pianist's cramp,' which may so affect the muscles and nerves that the unfortunate artist thus afflicted finds his occupation gone. I have frequently found that though, whilst playing, I have experienced no trouble from my muscles being overtaxed, afterwards the reaction has set in, and I have had no little exhaustion of the shoulders and neck, and I have also suffered from severe

neuralgic pains affecting the nerve which runs from the head and conveys impulses from the brain to the deltoid muscle. Weakness in the small of the back has been by no means uncommon."

As to the higher side of pianoforte teaching, Paderewski thinks that all theoretical teaching is a mistake, "for when you have reasoned out an effect you have lost that over which you have reasoned? You must teach the student to feel." There must be no hard and fast rules. All depends on the mood and the atmosphere. And that appears to be the spirit of the teaching of Leschetitzky, the master of Paderewski.

VIII

AS PIANIST

THE critic who would give a true appreciation of Paderewski as artist must at once admit that he has the power of moving an audience as no pianist since Rubinstein has been able to move it. In the opening chapter I touched on some generalities with regard to Paderewski's position in the world of piano-playing, and I referred to the modifications in the verdict of the general which the critic must make. In the difference between his outlook and the public's will be found his divergence from the critical and popular estimation in which the great pianist is held. I will at once confess that a professional critic is apt to be too theoretical in his judgments: it is, if viewed aright, the defect of his merits. We are compelled to give reasons for our likes and dislikes, and these in turn are apt to proceed too

PADEREWSKY AT HOME

Reproduced from the original sketch by Emil Fuchs by permission of the artist.

much from the intellect and not sufficiently from the emotions. The public, on the other hand, has no hard-and-fast theories concerning piano playing, singing or conducting. Provided an instrumentalist or a conductor creates a "sensation" no close inquiry is made into a sacrifice of artistic virtue. In the following appreciation of Paderewski as pianist I have been at pains to collate my own opinions with those of men who have, it seems to me, some authority to write on the subject. I may say in passing that it is extraordinary how little of the criticisms penned on the different recitals give the reader any clear and general idea of Paderewski. His interpretations and playing are praised or blamed, but a writer in a daily paper has to take it for granted that the pianist's gifts and limitations are known and understood. Indeed, a journalist who should sit down to pen a general criticism of a celebrated artist would be considered a kind of critical Rip van Winkle. That is a pity, because criticism demands reconsideration every few years. How could we tell of what a pianist's fingers might be capable until we had heard Leopold Godowsky? How judge of the future of opera

until we had heard Puccini's "Madama Butterfly"? For this reason contemporary Press criticisms of Paderewski do not tell us very much. But here and there, scattered up and down the pages of weekly periodicals and magazines, I have come across passages which give a good idea of his powers and his limitations. I propose to quote a couple of these as preliminary to my own estimate of the pianist.

In all criticism comparison must play an important part. However great may be the natural gifts of a critic his verdict on a particular artist is of not much value unless he has some clear standard of technical and interpretative excellence. Those who remembered Rubinstein at his best were on firmer ground in judging the new star, Paderewski, than those who knew him not. For this reason the enthusiastic estimate of Dr. William Mason, the well-known American writer on music and professor of the piano, has peculiar value. Dr. Mason, it should be stated, studied in Germany under Moscheles, Dreyschock and Liszt. In an interesting critical study of Paderewski, written in 1893, he compared the playing of that artist with the playing of many

A MEMORY SKETCH OF PADEREWSKI, BY ORLANDO ROULAND
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others, including Pachmann, Rosenthal, D'Albert, and Scharwenka, and, while recognising their worth, came to the conclusion that Paderewski was "an exceedingly rare occurence, indeed phenomenal."

"As Moscheles played Bach half a century ago, and as Rubinstein played him later on, so does Paderewski play him now—with an added grace and colour which put these great contrapuntal creations in the most charming frames. It is the great, deep, musical playing combined with the calm, quiet repose and great breadth of style. Paderewski has an advantage over Rubinstein, however, in the fact that he is always master of his resources and possesses power of complete self control. . . . In Rubinstein there is an excess of the emotional, and while at times he reaches the highest possible standard, his impulsive Nature and lack of self-restraint are continually in his way, frequently causing him to rush ahead with such impetuosity as to anticipate his climax, and, having no reserve force to call into action, disaster is sure to follow.

"Of five prominent pianists, in Liszt we find the intellectual emotional temperament,

while Rubinstein has the emotional in such excess that he is rarely able to bridle his impetuosity, Paderewski may be classified as emotional-intellectual—a very rare and happy blending of the two temperaments—and Tausig was very much upon the same plane, while Von Bülow has but little of the emotional. and overbalances decidedly on the intellectual side.

"It seems to me that in this matter of touch Paderewski is as near perfection as any pianist I ever heard, while in other respects he stands more nearly on a plane with Liszt than any other virtuoso since Tausig. His conception of Beethoven combines the emotional with the intellectual in admirable poise and proportion. Thus he plays with a big warm heart as well as with a clear, calm, discriminative head ; hence a thoroughly satisfactory result. . . . In musical conception he is so objective a player as to be faithful, true, and loving to his author, but withal he has a spice of the subjective, which imparts to his performance just the right amount of his own individuality.

"The heartfelt sincerity of the man is noticeable in all that he does and his intensity of

utterance easily accounts for the strong hold he has over his audiences. Paderewski's playing presents the beautiful contour of a living, vital organism. . . . It possesses that subtle quality expressed in some measure by the German word *Sehnsucht,* and in English as intensity of aspiration. This quality Chopin had, and Liszt frequently spoke of it. It is the undefinable poetic haze with which Paderewski invests and surrounds all that he plays which renders him so unique and impressive among modern pianists."

The foregoing estimate represents the discrimination of an enthusiastic admirer. Its value consists of its recognition of the power of Paderewski's personality. No criticism of his technical mannerisms alone—however much he may lay himself open to it—will give a true idea of the great pianist. Among the many estimates of Paderewski written in this country one of the most balanced and illuminative was penned by the late Arthur Johnstone, for many years the musical critic of the *Manchester Guardian* :—" Mr. Paderewski's distinguishing quality is a certain extraordinary energy—not merely a one-sided physical, or

even a two-sided physical and intellectual, energy; it is of the fingers and wrists, of the mind, the imagination, the heart and the soul, and it makes Mr. Paderewski the most interesting of players, even though to the extreme kind of specialist, absorbed in problems of tone production, he is not the most absolute master of his instrument at the present day. His art has a certain princely quality. It is indescribably *galant* and *chevaleresque*. He knows all the secrets of all the most subtle dancing rhythms. He is a reincarnation of Chopin, with almost the added virility of a Rubinstein. No wonder such a man fascinates, bewilders and enchants the public! Greatly surpassed by Busoni in the interpretation of Beethoven, by Pachmann in the touch that persistently draws forth roundness, sweetness and fulness of tone, and by Godowsky in the mastery of intricate line and the power of sucking out the very last drop of melody from every part of a composition, Paderewski still remains the most brilliant, fascinating and successfully audacious of present-day performers, and in preferring him the general public is probably right, though

the keen student of the pianoforte in particular may learn more from Godowsky, and the earnest lover of the musical classics in general, more from Busoni."

In much the same vein I wrote of a recital held at St. James's Hall in 1901. "The fascination of Paderewski held criticism in check. I know that his Beethoven in C was smallish Beethoven; that there were many spots of virtuoso exaggeration of contrast; but I also know that the *adagio molto* had a poetry of expression which many better-balanced pianists miss, and that the last movement had a growing power which carried one away. I know, too, that Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor was too exaggerated, that its force was often too febrile. I will even admit that Paderewski's technique is not always as clear as it might be; that for perfection of finger dexterity Rosenthal, Godowsky, Busoni and Pachmann surpass him. If you press it, I will confess that Paderewski's force is hysterical, an explosion of exacerbated nerves; that, metaphorically, he has his back to the wall and with tight-drawn lips is fighting for his life. His strength, you may say, is almost a weakness. It has no

reserve and occasionally it is perilously akin to ranting. He is also too fond of unnecessary dynamic contrasts—the sign of the virtuoso all the world over, whether he be a pianist or a chorus-master. I would not even combat the assertion that he often allows a fastidious brain to prompt new readings when novelty is unnecessary, and I must admit that he has the abominable trick of opening his chords—the kind of thing one expects in a third-rate pianist bidding for a cheap popularity. Is the catalogue of defects full? If not, insert some more, and then—

"Why, then, I will still assert that Paderewski is the greatest of living pianists. He has what so many of them do not possess—a strong individuality and real insight as a musical poet. D'Albert might play that Beethoven sonata with a nicer balance and a more intellectual grasp; but he would not create that glowing atmosphere. Paderewski's reading cannot be held up as a model to young men and maidens. It was very subjective. I do not ask Paderewski to be anything but himself, for his self interests me. But, at any rate, the performances of Haydn's Variations in F minor

and Mozart's Rondo in A minor were perfect enough in restraint and classical grace to rank as models. They seemed to me to represent the normal Paderewski.

"And his Chopin playing particularly appeals to me. Pachmann, in the lesser Chopin, and Godowsky as well, play with more polish of phrase, and they have a more extended gamut of dynamic *nuances;* but neither plays as a poet would play, and Chopin, with all his absolute musical fastidiousness, was a poet. Pachmann is too pre-occupied with mere beauty of tone and with the rhetoric of antithesis; Godowsky with the perfection of finger technique. Busoni's Chopin playing can alone be compared to Paderewski's, for Busoni has a poet's imagination. But Paderewski has more emotional fibre." As a marginal note to this criticism, it should be said that the pianist was not at his best in that year. The tendency to nervous explosions was not so marked when he visited us the following summer.

It must be confessed that Paderewski's repertoire is rather limited. He never makes experiments with the compositions of new men, and I do not remember if he has ever

played anything of Alkans or of César Franck. The plan of his programmes is apt to be stereotyped—a group of pieces by Bach, Handel, Scarlatti—or other of the harpsichord composers; then a sonata of Mozart or Beethoven, followed by the German romantic school, and ending with Chopin, Liszt, and Rubinstein, or his own compositions. Still, it is very difficult for a pianist to import novelty into the programme of a recital, and until quite recently modern composers have ignored the piano. But if Paderewski's repertoire is not very extended, his sympathies are catholic enough. There is only one other pianist who can be compared with him in this respect—Busoni. The rest have such limitations of sympathy that one could wish they would follow Pachmann's example and confine themselves to the composers they understand. Paderewski is, perhaps, at his best in the playing of Chopin and Liszt, and, at the other extreme, in his reproduction of the old harpsichord music. The racial spirit in him, which I have already shown is a real part of his composition, enables him to realise the bigger Chopin as no other pianist realises him. In the Chopin which

mainly demands agility of finger and a refined sense of harmony, Busoni and Pachmann excel Paderewski; but neither can play the great Scherzo in C sharp minor as Paderewski plays it. His Beethoven is unequal. Sometimes, if in the mood, he will give you a performance of one of the later sonatas which cannot be surpassed for grandeur and glow of emotion (he could never be a mere "classical" Beethoven player); at other times his readings are rather small and not sufficiently architectural. He has done wonderful things with the "Moonlight" and "Waldstein" sonatas, however. His Beethoven is never uninteresting, and it is something that he spares us the hard austerity of some of the Beethoven playing which is so highly praised in these days.

It has been well said that Paderewski treats Bach as a modern romanticist, following the example of Liszt in this. The Bach worshipper of a certain type is not likely to admire Paderewski's readings, but the pianist certainly does bring out all the beauty of the composer's music. If Mme. Schumann's idea of her husband's music was right, then Paderewski is

apt to treat him too much as a virtuoso composer. His playing is a trifle wanting in the true German reflectiveness, but the romance is realised. The concerto is one of Paderewski's finest achievements, however. When an appeal is not made to his Slav temperament, Paderewski's mind seems to find most pleasure in the refinement of Weber, Mendelssohn, and Mozart. He has done a great deal to rehabilitate Mendelssohn. He made serious musicians ashamed of their estimate of the "Variations Sérieuses," and he reset the exquisite gems of melody enshrined in the "Songs without Words," made so dim by the clumsy handling of generations of schoolgirls.

In all Paderewski does there is evidence of much musical thought. That is to say, even when he treats a composition to a new, and, as it seems, a sensational performance, the conception is consistent throughout. And that is one of the reasons why the pianist carries you away even when he runs counter to theories or prejudices. Your mind may be critically at work throughout the whole performance, but you feel at the same time that the player is not making a bid for the popularity of empty

sensationalism. Those who accuse him of that are wrong. They forget that with all his intense quietude of manner, Paderewski is at heart a Pole, and that the very nervous force which enables him to play with glowing power is also apt to make him exaggerated and exuberant; but the musical intellect has artistically planned out these outbursts, which are seldom merely physical.

The weakness of his playing on its technical side lies in a tendency to smudginess of execution. Paderewski cannot lay claim to the absolute clearness of Busoni; nor has he the magical fingers of a Godowsky. But I am not at all sure that the defects of his technique are not an expression of his merits as a tone poet. It is inconceivable that a player of Paderewski's fiery and nervous temperament should be a perfect mechanician. Moreover, his lapses from technical rectitude are never lapses from the higher technique of the piano. No pianist so well understands how to produce beautiful tone; no pianist has such a variety of touch; and none such a grasp of the art of pedalling and phrasing. The Paderewski tone is a thing by itself. Above all, he is a

master of rhythm. The wonderful, subtle *nuances* of *tempo rubato* which distinguish his playing are the expression of a genuine, musical nature. Sometimes this extraordinary grasp of rhythm may lead him to attempt effects which were not, perhaps, within his composer's intentions, but they are musical effects and not merely capricious. In brief, Paderewski appeals to lovers of music, not because he is the most wonderful player of his instrument that has ever existed, but because he is a genuine tone-poet, a man of exceptional nature and rare temperament.

Perhaps he has summed himself and his aims as well as any one else could sum them up. "If I were asked," said the great pianist to an interviewer, "to name the chief qualification of a great pianist, apart from technical excellence, I should answer in a word, genius. That is the spark which fires every heart, that is the voice which all men stop to hear! Lacking genius, your pianist is simply a player—an artist, perhaps—whose work is politely listened to or admired in moderation as a musical *tour de force*. He leaves his hearers cold, nor is the appeal which he makes through the medium

of his art, a universal one. And here let me say, referring to the celebrated 'paradox' of Diderot, that I am firmly of the belief that the pianist, in order to produce the finest and most delicate effects must feel what he is playing, identify himself absolutely with his work, be in sympathy with the composition in its entirety, as well as with its every shade of expression. Only so shall he speak to that immense audience which ever depends on perfect art. Yet—and here is a paradox indeed—he must put his own personality resolutely, triumphantly into his interpretation of the composer's ideas."

IX

AS COMPOSER

It will be remembered that Paderewski began his musical career with the aim of being a composer, and through all the stress of his life as a virtuoso he has never lost sight of that aim. Indeed, he has more than once expressed the intention of retiring gradually from the concert platform in order that he may devote all his time to composition. The work he has already done is not to be passed over lightly as a pianist's music. Paderewski has certainly more originality than Rubinstein, and as he is now only in his forty-seventh year there is every possibility that he will make a name for himself as composer. It has already been related that Paderewski was by way of being a prodigy composer. At the early age of seven he wrote a set of Polish dances, but none of his compositions was published until he was twenty-two

IGNAZ PADEREWSKI
From a bust by Mr. Emil Fuchs, reproduced by the kind permission of the sculptor

years of age. These early works, numbering some forty pieces, include Mazardas, Polonaises, Krakowiaks, and other Polish dances, a Caprice, an Intermezzo, a Sarabande, an Elegy, and many Mélodies, all of them surcharged with national spirit. It is facile criticism to trace the influence of Chopin in these pianoforte pieces of Paderewski's, and it is too often forgotten that many of the characteristics of the great composer's music were drawn from Polish music. Paderewski himself once remarked on this point: "The moment you try to be national, every one cries out that you are imitating Chopin, whereas the truth is that Chopin adopted all the most marked characteristics of our national music so completely that it is impossible not to resemble him in externals, though your methods and ideas may be absolutely your own."

Of the smaller compositions of Paderewski the most famous is, of course, the Minuet, which has nothing in it of Polish colour, but is a charming and skilful essay in the old style. A writer in a German periodical has told an amusing, if apocryphal story of this Minuet.

"When Paderewski was a professor at the Warsaw Conservatoire, he was a frequent visitor at my house, and one evening I remarked that no living composer could be compared with Mozart. Paderewski's only reply was a shrug of the shoulders, but the next day he came back, and, sitting down at the piano, said, 'I should like to play you a little piece of Mozart's which you perhaps do not know.' He then played the Minuet. I was enchanted with it and cried, 'Now you will yourself acknowledge that nobody of our time could furnish us with a composition like that.' 'Well,' answered Paderewski, 'this Minuet is mine.'" The worthy German writer could have had but a superficial knowledge of Mozart's style of harmony. But the Minuet is certainly a charming little piece. Hardly less remarkable in its daintiness is the "Chant du Voyageur," number 3 of Opus 8, and the Thème Varié, Opus 11 is very skilful in its harmonic treatment of a naïve, eighteenth century tune. The Variations and Fugue and Humoresques à l'antique enable one to understand how Paderewski can play Scarlatti, Couperin, and Rameau with such intimate

sympathy. These works may be said to represent one side of his talent, perhaps not the most original. In direct contrast with them are his fiery Polish dances—his Cracovienne and Polonaises. In his later compositions he has given up his imitations of the antique and has been gradually finding his own utterance in the idiom of national music. In his early life, however, he composed a short sonata for violin and piano, which, as far as I know, has not been performed in England; but, of course, the pianoforte sonata in A minor, Op. 17, which was written when he was twenty-eight years of age, is the most important contribution in a more or less "classical" style which has come from his pen. It served to introduce Paderewski as a composer to an English audience on the occasion of his first recitals at St. James's Hall in 1890. "In point of form this Concerto," wrote Mr. C. A. Barry in his analytical notes, "which is far more a matter of evolution than a stringing together of tunes, closely follows the traditionally classical lines, and is strikingly free from irrelevant and episodical passages, except such as immediately grow out of the subject-matter. In spirit it is

strongly pervaded by the characteristics of Polish national music, with its proud, chivalrous and dreamy accents." Much of the music is of a virtuoso character, but the Romanza, an Andante, is a little gem of inspiration, and the finale is full of vivacity and spirit. Paderewski himself makes a very effective composition of this Concerto.

A considerable period elapsed between the composition of the Concerto (in 1888) and that of the Polish Fantasia, which was first performed at the Norwich Festival of 1893. It was actually written in the summer in that year. In this work national feeling is very strongly marked. This betrays itself in the treatment, and in the themes, which although the composer's own, are distinctly Polish in character. The work is full of colour, picturesqueness and romance, and in general it has the air of a Rhapsody. In the slow movement there is a power of combining themes which Paderewski had not previously shown, and the orchestra is handled with much skill both in the matter of instrumentation and in its combination with the piano. The Fantasia, which was afterwards repeated at a Philharmonic concert, placed the

composer on a higher plane than anything he had hitherto done.

That Paderewski did not mean to confine himself to compositions for the piano and orchestra was soon proved by rumours of an opera on which he was engaged. Nothing of importance came from his pen until "Manru" was produced at Dresden on May 29, 1901, but the pianoforte score had been finished as long ago as 1895. As Paderewski had not hitherto composed anything of moment for the voice—his four songs, Op. 7, and the late set of six which Mr. Edward Lloyd sang to the composer's accompaniment are fanciful but of no great importance—there was much anticipation as to the result of his new departure. It should be said that at one time the composer was in negotiation with the late Sir Augustus Harris for the production of the opera at Covent Garden, but he could not see his way to accept the suggested alterations which the impresario thought necessary. As a matter of fact most of these alterations were made when the work was performed at Dresden. It was generally admitted, and the criticism was upheld when "Manru" was mounted in New

York in 1902, that the opera suffers from its libretto.

The plot was borrowed from a Polish Romance, Kraszewski's "The Cabin behind the Wood," by the librettist, Dr. Alfred Nossig and sets forth how Manru, a gypsy, has won the love of a Galician maiden, Ulana, and has married her in the gypsy fashion. On her return to her native place, seeking her mother's forgiveness and help, she is received with contumely and a mother's curse. Her kind friends prepare her for the inconstancy of Manru by citing instances of the general fickleness in love of all gypsies, and Ulana, in order to keep Manru's love, seeks the help of Urok, a dwarf and magician who has the reputation of being a sorcerer. By the aid of a magic draught she keeps Manru to her side for a time, but the gypsy blood will out and, fascinated by a girl of his own race, he rejoins his tribe. This is not to the liking of the gypsy chief, Oros, who is in love with the same woman, Asa, and Manru's rehabitation is opposed. Matters then become too complicated for opera, and that is the weakness of the libretto. Oros finding his authority has no weight with the tribe breaks

his staff and Manru is proclaimed chief in his stead. Ulana, in despair at the loss of her husband, hurls herself over a precipice, and Oros coming secretly on Manru and his new love Asa suddenly attacks his rival and throws him into the abyss. A strain of symbolism runs though the story. Thus Manru is not merely fickle, but is torn this way and that by his love for Ulana and his racial passion for music. You may, if you choose, look on Ulana as the embodiment of human love and Asa as representing the spiritual love of the artist.

Dr. Schuch conducted the first performance at Dresden. Herr Anthes was the Manru; Herr Scheidmantel was the Urok; Fraulein Krull the Urana and Frau Kramma the Asa. The reception of the work was cordial but it does not seem to have been enthusiastic. Some of the critics were reminded of Bizet; others noted a strong likeness to Wagner ; and through all the note of Polish music was detected. As the work has never been performed on the English stage it is not easy to say how it would shape as an opera. The vocal score has not been published. A concert performance of some of the chief scenes was given, however, at the Crystal Palace,

on December 13, 1902, Signor Randegger conducted and Fraulein Krull came from Germany to sing the soprano music. Mr. John Coates sang the music of Manru. The excerpts consisted of a duet from Act II. with Ulana's cradle song ; the prelude and incidental music from Act III. with Manru's long soliloquy "Luft, luft ! Ich ersticke," and a gypsy march ; the love duet of Manru and Ulana from Act II., and the ballet music from Act I. As the programme also contained the Concerto and the Polish Fantasia we were able to form some opinion of Paderewski as a serious composer.

"The connection of the music of 'Manru' with these concertos," I wrote at the time in the *Daily News*, "must have struck the dullest ears. . . . So far the music has a style of its own. But it struck me that in the vocal selection from 'Manru' the folk-song element did not mix well with sundry Wagnerisms of which Paderewski has made use. Thus in the scene from Act II., Manru, who is watching Ulana nursing her child, hesitates between expressing himself in the mode of a Slavonic folk-song and in the style of Siegfried's forging outbursts. The orchestra has no hesitation at all, but plumps

for Wagner. Paderewski is most interesting to me when he forgets all he knows of Wagner. The folk cradle-song of Ulana, for instance, is more genuine music than Manru's long monologue 'Luft! luft!' from Act III. which is full of Wagnerian mannerisms, culled from Hans Sachs' monologues and elsewhere. Again, the ambitious love duet from Act II. does not make its mark. Paderewski has not yet the strength of technique for a love duet conceived more or less on the lines of the 'Tristan' love duet. The vocal parts have not striking enough intervals. The writing for the voices and orchestra is too close, and, in general the part writing does not move with sufficient freedom. The concert room performance of selections from operas is a great test of their absolute musical qualities, a test which very few works can stand in part, and none altogether. For that reason one cannot come to any very definite opinion of the 'Manru' music. The rushing of the strings up and down the chromatic scale, the free use of muted horns, of gong and cymbals struck with a drumstick, sound theatrical in a concert room, but they might pass as effective in the opera-house. And I should think Paderewski

has musically caught the atmosphere of the story. Certainly he has in the orchestral description of Manru's dream, in which the memories of his love jostle with his gypsy desire to wander free and untrammelled. The Gypsy March, with which the scene ends, is also striking. In fact, all the music which has a folk-song character is successful; and perhaps on the opera-stage the second-hand Wagnerisms would not be so noticeable."

The opera had previously been performed at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, on February 15, 1902. It had not been adequately rehearsed although the principal singers—M. Bandrowsky (Manru), Mme. Sembrich (Ulana), Miss Fritzi Scheff (Asa), Mr. David Bispham (Urok) and Herr Muhlmann (Oros)—seem to have done their work well enough. Opinions as to the merits of the opera were divided. The libretto was blamed for its weaknesses, and Paderewski's Wagnerisms were duly impaled. After a third performance, Mr. H. T. Finck was of opinion that "Manru" gained by being heard repeatedly "While some of its melodies are so catchy that they can be remembered at once, the orchestra score grows more and more

beautiful, and what is particularly odd is that the reminiscences of other composers become less noticeable." The composer himself had a good deal to say to an interviewer of the *New York Herald* on this question of reminiscences in his opera.

"In music absolute originality does not exist. It is the temperament of the composer that makes his work. In method one cannot help but follow those who have gone before. When a great genius like Wagner introduces a method that will give better expression to an idea it is not only not a sin to follow it, but it is a duty to follow it. In employing such a method it concerns not so much the idea as its treatment in a musical way. A piece of music must be built like a house or a church. You would not accuse an architect of being a copyist if he put windows in a house, would you? And yet he is merely doing what others have done. Likewise when you read the works of the great poets, you would not accuse Browning or Longfellow of plagiarism if they used the same style of verse as some one else? Their thoughts you would consider and not so much their method. Music, you see, is

different from poetry. It appeals to the ears. A sound, or a combination of sounds in a work that only have to do with the method, may remind one of some other music, and the whole is set down as not original. Let us look at the prelude to the third Act in 'Manru.' That has been criticised. There is one run, a little run, that reminds one of 'Die Walküre.' I knew it. I tried to avoid it, but could not. Others heard it and they talk of the suggestion from 'Die Walküre.' Yet the first theme is not the same. The second theme is not the same, the orchestration is not the same. I defy any one to show that anything except this one little run is borrowed. Yet for this detail of method the prelude is condemned. If I were to make an analysis, I could show a likeness in method among the greatest of composers. For instance, look at Schumann's Concerto in A minor. The first theme is taken almost wholly in method from Mendelssohn. And Wagner, in his first period and even well into the second period, is not entirely original. One may easily find the influence of Weber and then of Meyerbeer. Beethoven was not free from the influence of other masters, for, in his works,

we often find the suggestion of Mozart. And witness also the first concerto of Chopin. Is it not suggestive very strongly of Hummel? And 'Carmen.' Can we not find here an enormous influence exerted by Gounod? And it not only reminds you of Gounod, but some of the themes, as sung, are taken wholly from Spanish music. The 'Habanero' is not even Bizet's, but in all the scores that are published is shown to be taken from a composer who was alive when the opera was written."

The composer made out a good case, but he forgot that, as Weingartner once pointed out, the most subtle form of musical imitation is that of mood and style, and not necessarily of themes. However, "Manru" contains sufficient originality to make the musical world look forward with interest to the production of the new opera on which Paderewski has been engaged. I had hoped that it would have been possible to round off this estimate of the pianist as composer by a consideration of a symphony at which he has been working. It was to have been performed at one of the concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra

this season, but it was not ready in time. This work together with the new opera, will enable the musical world to come to a definite conclusion as to the place Paderewski will occupy as a composer.

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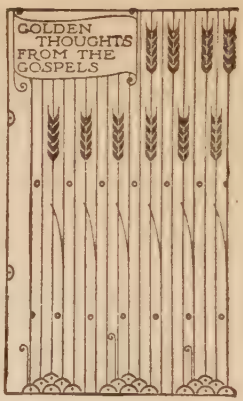

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